

AN H A R A N G U E TO THE K I N G.

By a Minister of the *French Church* in the *Savoy*,
the Nineteenth of *October*, 1681.

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S I R,

IT is not I that speak, though the Words are mine: Nor is it Your *French Church* in the *Savoy* speaks, though it humbly beg Audience of Your Majesty. But it is a holy Colony of *French* Protestants, driven every day by Storm into Your Ports. They are the true *Israelites*, crossing the Sea to pass into *Canaan*. They are the Merchants in the Gospel, who sell all they have to purchase the Pearl of Price, and come into Your Realms in search of the Kingdom of Heaven. 'Tis they, *Sir*, 'tis in a manner the whole Reformed Church, speaks this day by my Mouth: And my Voice is but the Echo of theirs.

They come, *Sir*, by me, with Your Declaration in their Hands, to present themselves before that August Throne from which it issued. And as Your Majesty hath been pleased to declare in express Terms, That You look'd upon Your self concern'd in Honour and Conscience to do them Good, they think themselves obliged both in Honour and Conscience to beg leave to kiss those Sacred Hands that saved them from perishing by Shipwrack, and load them continually with Favours and Kindnesses.

They look upon this mysterious Declaration you have made in their favour, as a Master-piece of Providence, and (if I may be allowed to use that Term) a *Phænomenon* that fills both the Church and the World with admiration.

The Church, edified by it, admires it as an Effect of extraordinary Piety. The World, amaz'd at it, looks upon it as a Product of the highest Prudence. All Places ring of this Oracle of Your Majesty: It is spoken in *Gath*, it is published in *Ascalon*; and the Seven Hills echo the Sound: The Islands clap their Hands for joy, and the Continent answers them with equal rejoicing: Every Mouth speaks of it, except those whom a Declaration so full of Zeal for the Protestant Religion hath rendred speechless, and condemned to perpetual Silence.

Methinks I hear before-hand the Applause of Posterity; and there is no doubt but this great Work of good Policy and good Conscience will be equally celebrated in the Annals of the Church and of the State. This Oracle of Your Majesty will be recorded in History as an Evidence both of Your Wisdom and Piety; it will be admir'd as an illustrious Example of Vertue, Moral and Divine: And it will be hard to judge whether it hath more of the Monarch, or the Defender of the Faith.

But, *Sir*, this Charitable Declaration hath already found another sort of Panegyrist, whose Benedictions and Praises God himself, the King of Kings, delights to hear: I mean, our Children, those little *Moseses*, expos'd to float on the Sea, before they have scarce put a Foot to the Ground; these poor Orphans, this little Household of Faith, whom the Great Defender of it hath taken into His Protection, and declar'd himself their Father; these Angels on Earth joyn with those in Heaven, in praising God for what he hath done for them by His Anointed. I fancy I see them in their Mothers Bosoms, listning to what they relate God hath done for them in our days by your Ministry. Methinks, as soon as they begin to prattle *English*, I hear them learn to bless Your Majesty in more than one Language, and read for their first Lesson that tender and fatherly Declaration of Your Majesty. Methinks I hear them cry out, as soon as they see Your Majesty, *God save the King; God save Him who hath sav'd us, and with the Life of our Bodies, hath preserv'd also the Life of our Souls.*

I fancy, also, I hear so many Christian Confessors, of all Qualities, Arts, and Orders, whom the World would have conquered, and destroy'd by Famine: but their Faith supported and succour'd by Your Charity, hath overcome the World. One of which Confessors is less remarkable
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for his Birth and Quality of Marquis, than for his Piety, and many eminent Services done for our poor Churches, for which he is now become an innocent Sacrifice. I fancy I hear them vie with one another in praising Your Royal Beneficence. Could Your Majesty hear them, what an excellent Harmony would it be to Your Ears? a thousand times more charming and pleasant than that of the Emperour *Augustus*, who hearing himself commended by some who saw him pass by, protested he had never heard better Musick: Yet that was only a vain Sound of worldly and frivolous Praises; but those Your Majesty receives from the poor distressed Protestants, are divine, eternal, and the same in substance with those which the Poor will give their charitable Benefactors, by the Mouth of their Saviour, at the Day of Judgment.

Besides, *Sir*, What abundant matter doth Your Majesty afford these poor *Jobs* to sing (with that holy Man) in the Night, when they see Your Majesty, as it were, begging for them Alms from Your Subjects! What a comfort must it be, that the Defender of their Faith opens at once so many ways for their Subsistence, which in their Native Country were stopp'd and shut up by the Enemies of their Religion! What a pleasure is it to see themselves accounted Natural Inhabitants of Your Kingdoms, as soon as they arrive there! What Joy, to find it in their power for the future to live and die in Peace! I can bear witness of one of them, who falling sick soon after his arrival here, yielded up his holy Soul to God, in blessing him for his good Providence, that brought him hither to die in Peace, under the Protection of Your August Throne, and within the Walls of your *Jerusalem*.

It cannot be, *Sir*, but that so many Prayers and Blessings, proceeding from the Mouths of the Faithful, will produce more than ordinary Effects in Heaven: It is impossible but that those holy ones who bless the Goodness of their *Trajan*, will procure for Your Reign the Felicity of *Augustus*. And who can tell but Heaven, which takes particular care of the Interests of the Church, will be particularly mov'd at the Acknowledgements due from the Church to Your Majesty, and make You reap the Benefit of them, in granting the Requests of their Prayers? Who can tell, but the Example of so many Eminent Protestants throwing themselves into the Arms of Your Church, may prove instrumental to disarm those who disturb the Peace of it? Who can tell, but our Children who cross the Seas for their Salvation, may by their presence here do the Office of Mediators between two Brethren, animated one against the other with so much Passion, and for so little Cause? Who can tell, but the sight of so lamentable an Object will melt them into tenderness, and touch their Conscience, to forbear tearing the Bowels of a Mother, whose Blessings so many Confessors come thronging to beg, as her Adopted Children.

But while we wait the Success of those Vows and Prayers which proceed from a holy Acknowledgment and Gratitude due to Your Majesty, how shall we find Words capable to express it? I am sensible, 'tis impossible to do it in ordinary Language, and am so transported with Admiration, I can hardly forbear flying the highest pitch of Eloquence, and with that ancient Orator call up the Dead to see this admirable Sight? I can scarce contain my self from crying out, O admirable *Elizabeth*! O Happy *James*! O Great and Gracious *Charles* the First! Glorious Kings as those in the *Revelation*, who have carried their Spiritual Riches and the Crown of their Vertues into the Holy City. O you Great and Divine Souls, who have so often heard the Cries and Groans of Protestant-Strangers in the Palace where I am speaking, What would you say to see at this day your Pious Intentions so faithfully and so happily executed? What would you say to see all this Concourse of the Faithful, in Mourning, arriving here every day, and kindly received? What would you say to see all the Voluntary Contributions made for them? that holy and compassionate Concern for us, and that charitable Commerce we meet with in these Fortunate Islands? What would you say to see *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Bosom, and a Representation of Heaven upon Earth? What would say to see *England* look like Old *Rome*, which was called the Common Country of all the World; and according to the Example of that famous City, become the Refuge and Habitation of all the Reformed World, by the holy and profound Policy of Your Illustrious Successor? But what was I thinking on? I speak to the Dead, when I ought to make them speak who are Living. The Ravishment I am under, and the Confusion of many Passions stirr'd all at once, hath put me besides my Bounds, and made me transgress the ordinary Rules. You may, *Sir*, by these extraordinary Sallies judge how extraordinary the Cause is that produces them, and how deep an Impression Your great Goodness hath made in our Hearts: You may gather from thence what grateful Sentiments we have of Your Bounty; how full of Ardour and Zeal, and (if I may presume to say so) of Love for Your Majesty. But why may I not presume to say so, since, in the Transport we are in, we may be allow'd to say any thing? Yes, *Sir*, we love You: We love You as a God on Earth, for such You are: We love You as the *Romans* lov'd their *Trajan* or their *Scipio*, whom they call'd their Darlings: And we are all, with the highest and most lively Passion, yet with the most profound Respect, *Sir*, Your Majesties most Humble, most Obedient, and most Faithful Servants and Subjects, &c.